Facts about Mussolini.

Workers' Dreadnought

Founded and Edited by SYLVIA PANKHURST.

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LE JEUNE BARBAROUX.

By John Barlas.

Passenger, pilgrim in the land of fear,
The sound of Death's feet growing in thine ear,
The sight of Death's face rising on thy view,
What change in thee since this time yester-year,
Young Barbaroux.

Bright-haired Apollo, with the hero's eyes,
That dreamest dreams too fair for earthly skies,
Man free and equal, all things fair and true,
What shadows dark across thy dream arise?
Young Barbaroux.

Where now thy France? Where now the chosen band
Of thy companions? Where the fair Roland?
All these are gone, and what thing left to you?
Perchance the gallows in some foreign land,
Young Barbaroux.

They come again to thee, the old sweet days,
Back in a tear-dimmed vision of dead praise;
The spires of Paris rise through morning's hue
Clad with the world's hope to thy spirit's gaze,
Young Barbaroux.

Thy word went forth, and all France heard the cry,
"Send me six hundred men prepared to die!"
To arms the marseillese that moment flew,
For Greek blood burns yet 'neath Massilia's sky,
Young Barbaroux.

From sabres old they scour the gathered rust:
Who bids them die but the one man they trust?
The dusty roads have heard an anthem new,
Destined to shake the old world into dust,
Young Barbaroux.

Upon the Feast of late loud chimed the bell,
But Paris burns with smothered fires of hell.
For hopes may fail, and chiefs may prove untrue;
They enter Paris with a tiger's yell,
Young Barbaroux.

"Strike down the tyrant: citizens, to arms:
Form your battalions!" What high note alarms
The traitor snakes in Freedom's breast that grew?
Who now shall shield his France from all her harms?
Young Barbaroux.

And now 'mid strangers, with a broken pride,
Craving the crust withheld, the draught denied,
The straw begrudged beneath thine head to strew,
Thou wanderest through the great world black and wide,
Young Barbaroux.

Faithful to death, unchanged by fear or grief,
Clinging, brave boy, to thy sublime belief,
Clasp to thine heart the poor red, white and blue,
The seed shall spring yet from the ruined sheaf,
Young Barbaroux.

The flag, that covered France too short a while
With holy shade, now fear and blood defile,
And through the world deep threatening storm-clouds brew.
Look through to clearer heavens beyond, and smile,
Young Barbaroux.

Drawing by Edward Burn Jones, 1895.

When Adam delved and Eva span, Who was then the gentleman?

This drawing, published as a calendar, price 9d., may be obtained from the "Dreadnought" Bookshop, 152 Fleet Street, E.C.

The Trades Facilities Act.

AN INIQUITOUS MEASURE.

UNJUSTIFIABLE SUBSIDIES TO CAPITALISM AT HOME AND ABROAD. PUTTING AUSTRIA IN PAWN AND PREVENTING SOCIAL PROGRESS IN AUSTRIA.

Why Did Ramsay Macdonald Support the Bill, when other Labour Members Exposed its Iniquities?

Why Did the Labour Party Fail to Oppose It?

The Trade Facilities and Loans Guarantees Bill, which was rushed through its Second Reading last week will do three things, each of them bad:

(1) **It increases the limit of the aggregate loans which the Government may make to Capitalists from £25,000,000 to £50,000,000.**

(2) **It makes a loan to Austria, in return for which Austria is forced to abandon the freedom to manage her internal affairs, is debarred from progressive legislation, forced to hand certain State services over to private enterprise, and to accept the dictation of a Commissioner-General and a control Commission. As Mr. Rhys-Davies, a Labour Member put it, Austria is, in fact, placed "in pawn" as a condition of this loan.**

(3) **It gives the Government power to guarantee the principal and interest on a loan of £3,500 to the Soudan Government for the purpose of irrigating the Gisereh Plain in the interests of the Soudan Plan**

ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE.

tation Syndicate, a company in which Mr. Asquith's son is interested.

SUBSIDISING CAPITALISTS.

Many years ago a young man proposed to an I.L.P. branch in Manchester that State subsidies should, under certain conditions, be granted to employers of Labour, on condition that they should pay certain accepted wages and provide certain model conditions for their workers. Very rightly the young man's proposal was rejected by his fellow-members, who declared that he was proposing measures to reinforce and prolong the Capitalist system.

But to-day we find a leading member of the I.L.P., and the elected Leader of the Labour Party, welcoming a measure which, as the young man of Manchester suggested, grants subsidies to the Capitalists, but without even the compensating advantage of securing improved Labour conditions. The subsidies to Capitalism proposed by the Trade Facilities Bill are quite frankly to reinforce and put on its legs again the Capitalist system, which has more or less broken down since the war. No stipulations are made regarding Labour conditions.

Nevertheless, the Labour Party Leader, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, and several other Labour Members, spoke in favour of the Bill, and the Party challenged no division on the Second Reading.

Here is a list of the Capitalist firms which have already benefited under the £25,000,000 subsidy.

Guarantees by the Treasury to certain capitalist firms up to March 31st, 1922:

Harland and Wolff, Ltd., £1,493,345, ten years.

Calcutta Electric Supply Corporation, Ltd., £500,000, 25 years, redeemable after 15 years.

Holbrook Brick and Tile Co., Ltd. (Trotter and Liley), £4,700, four years.

W. Beardmore and Co., Ltd., £600,000, five years.

Palmers Shipbuilding Co., Ltd., £300,000, twenty years.

Morton Board Mill, Ltd. (Hugh Stevenson and Sons, Ltd.), £100,000, ten years.

Underground Railway, £5,000,000, fifty years.

Rhymney Valley Sewerage Board, £16,000, twenty-five years.

Minehead Electric Supply Co., Ltd., £4,500, twenty-five years.

Cropper and Co., Ltd., £100,000, ten years.

South Eastern and Chatham Railway Co., £6,500,000, twenty-five years.

Leckhampton Quarries, Ltd., £50,000, twenty-five years.

Kent Electric Power Co., Ltd., £15,600, twenty years.

South Crofty, Ltd., £30,000, three years.

James Powell and Son (Whitefriars), Ltd., £50,000, ten years.

Lee Conservancy Board, £100,000, thirty years.

Underground Railways, £1,000,000, fifty years.

Pickerdite and Co., Ltd., £17,500, ten years.

Egham and Staines Electric Co., Ltd., £50,000, twenty-five years.

Workington Harbour and Dock Board, £500,000, thirty years.

Guildford and Waldershare Colliery Co., £300,000, twenty-five years.

North Somerset Electric Supply Co., Ltd., £25,000, twenty-five years.

Shropshire, Worcs. and Staffs Electric Light and Power Co., Ltd., £700,000, thirty years.

Levant Tin Mines, Ltd., £10,000, three years.

Central London Railway, £458,000, fifty years.

Powell Duffryn Steam Coal Co., Ltd., £120,000, thirty years.

Total, £18,188,645.

Observe that the great munition firm of Beardmore's that piled up huge profits during the war is thus helped to raise £600,000 at low interest. Armstrong Whitworth also benefits, though its name is not on the list because it supplies the machinery to a Canadian paper firm which is getting a subsidy. The shipbuilders who also made immense fortunes also figure in the list of Government dole receivers.

The Powell Duffryn Steam Coal Co. gets £120,000 for thirty years. Mr. Rhys Davies, who spoke strongly against the Bill, pointed out that this firm had in 1919 only a share capital of £541 in ordinary shares and £115,000 in preference shares; yet in the fifteen years ending in 1920, after deducting depreciation, Income Tax, Excess Profits Duty, and coal mines excess payments, it had made the enormous profit of 5½ million pounds! £3,000,000 was paid out in cash dividends and £1,100,000 in bonus shares!!

What shadow of excuse is there for guaranteeing loans to a firm which has made a fortune of such dimensions?

The loan, moreover, is granted in order that the firm may build cottages for its workers. Everyone knows that the worker who lives in the cottage owned by his employer goes in fear of eviction in time of strike, and loses his home if dismissed from his employment. The Government which guarantees loans to private employers to build cottages refuses to assist the local authorities to provide working-class houses.

No single local authority has benefited under this scheme.

Mr. Macdonald called this Bill "tippling in Socialism." This may be his idea of Socialism—to us it seems only a bolstering up of Capitalism.

Labour Members accused Mr. Pringle of turning Protectionist because he moved an amendment that loans should not be guaranteed for firms outside the British Isles whose products would come into competition with goods made here, because, he said, that would increase unemployment, though the pretence is that this Bill will relieve it.

Of course that pretence is a hollow one: this Bill is to benefit the Capitalist; the workers are not considered by its promoters.

THE SOUDAN SUBSIDY.

The Soudan subsidy to provide irrigation to benefit a firm which made 35 per cent. profit last year appears to be an exceedingly corrupt deal. It has been recommended on the score that long staple cotton can be grown in the Soudan and is needed by British cotton manufacturers. Commander Kenworthy declared that he has expert information that only short staple cotton can be grown there, and the Government spokesman did not give a satisfactory reply to that point.

Mr. Kenworthy made a more important point, however, when he showed that the land is being alienated from the native cultivator in the interests of the great Soudan Plantation Syndicate—a sorry result indeed for Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and the Labour Party to assist in bringing to pass.

According to the Labour Party's professed principles, it should have called on the Government to nationalise the development of these cotton lands, but no Labour, I.L.P., or Communist Party voice raised this point.

Mr. McNeill, the Government spokesman, declared that the native cultivator who does the work gets 40 per cent. of the proceeds of the cotton crop, the Government which provides the money gets 35 per cent., and the company gets 25 per cent. Mr. McNeill suggested that the Syndicate does very much in return for its 25 per cent., but he evidently knew he was on insecure ground in contending that, because he added: "In a certain number of years the Syndicate will disappear and the cultivator will be on his own."

Undoubtedly this is a corrupt deal. Mr. Hopkinson aptly reminded the House of the British Cellulose Co. deal, saying:

> "There is a very large sum of the taxpayers' money at present invested in a company known as the British Cellulose Co., under very similar conditions to those governing these credits that we are giving to various concerns under this Bill. In that case the taxpayers' money was given, and the security was the whole of the present and future assets of the company, and then, at a late hour one night, we convert what is in effect a first mortgage on the whole assets of the company into preference shares. But that was not the end of it, for after a little bit we give back to the company half the value of those preference shares, and then representatives of the Board of Trade tell us: 'The price of these shares has gone up; they are standing at a higher rate than they were before,' when the amount of the capital concerned has been reduced by about one-half."

The more honest Liberals and Tories may cry shame on the jobbery of these Governments of business interests, but certain hard-faced Members of the Labour (?) Party remain unmoved!

Mr. Hayday, of the Labour Party, protested that men employed on the London Underground Railway scheme, which receives money under this scheme, are worked on 12-hour shifts for which they get no overtime.

THE AUSTRIAN LOAN.

The Austrian Loan was the part of the Bill specially commended by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. He hoped it would be the beginning of a reconstruction based on "a totally new conception of the League of Nations as a helper in our beneficent purposes in Central Europe," and added:

> **"When that is done this Bill, small as it is, will be one of the most beneficent pieces of legislation that this Parliament can enact."**

We have always disagreed with Mr. Macdnoald, but we never looked upon him with the strong distrust and disfavour which his attitude towards this iniquitous Austrian measure has aroused in us. We now declare that Mr. Macdonald is, in our view, a fitting colleague for President Wilson and Lloyd George; his actions must be regarded with an equal measure of suspicion.

Mr. Macdonald is not ignorant of international matters; he knows, and no one better, that this Bill destroys the freedom of Austria, destroys her opportunities of progress, and places her under a reactionary alien control.

He excused that control, saying:

> "... It is essential that there should be a certain amount of control, because Austria has already had loans and has spent them in such a way as to do no substantial good.... I welcome this as a serious attempt made by the officials of the League of Nations ... to put an end to that.... That is good sound financial and trade policy. In order to do this, certain guarantees and certain control had to be taken from Austria."

He continued:

> "Hon. Members ... might imagine that one of the aspects of control, as mentioned by an hon. friend who sits behind me, is that we have taken sovereignty away from Austria. I would assure the House that that is not the case."

Let everyone who would understand this question remember the fate of other nations to which the Powers have made loans, and over which they have exacted control.

Let them remember the record of the League of Nations and of the Allied Powers which control it.

Let them remember the fate of nations in respect of which the Powers have used such phrases as this quoted by Mr. Macdonald:

> "will respect the political independence, the territorial integrity and the sovereignty of Austria. They will take no step and exact no economic or financial condition which will compromise that independence, and if the occasion arises they will refer the matter to the Council of the League and comply with its decision."

Woe to the nation respecting which the Powers use such language, say the pages of history!

Now turn to the White Paper containing the Protocols, and read there the dictum of the Allied usurers who propose to grant Austria a loan:

> "There is no hope for Austria unless she is prepared to endure and support an authority which must enforce reforms en-

Read also how these Powers order Austria to sell her State industries to private enterprise, and to turn over the shares of her Bank of Issue to private enterprise, and to abandon the provision that its directors be confirmed by the Federal Government. Note also that the Powers order Austria to increase her railway, postal, telegraph, telephone, tobacco and salt charges; to establish "an efficient gendarmery throughout Austria." Why? To deal with Labour unrest, of course. The Allied Powers dictate that Austria's Pensions and social services shall be reduced to 42 and 23 million crowns respectively, whilst 52 million crowns is spent on her public debt, 20 millions on her army, and 100 millions on her Civil Service.

Austria is to submit herself to a Control Authority and a Controller General, and further to the League of Nations—for all this she is to pay the bill.

Austria is, indeed, in pawn; and Germany will follow next.

The loans from France, Italy, and Czecho-Slovakia to Austria, which would give them a percentage of control, will probably not materialise. Britain will thus remain the sole blood-sucker—a "quid pro quo" for the French occupation of the Ruhr.

So the international stage is set for fresh conquests and further plunders, whilst Ramsay Macdonald applies the whitewash!

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

ROSA LUXEMBURG'S LETTERS FROM PRISON.

Translated by M. Campbell.

(Continued.)

Breslau, Middle of December, 1917.

. . . Karl has now been a year in confinement in Luckau. I have often thought about it this month, and it is exactly a year since you were with me in Wronke and presented me with the beautiful Christmas tree. . . . This year I ordered one for myself, but the one that was brought along is a very shabby one, with branches missing; not to be compared with last year's. I don't know how I am going to decorate it with the eight little lights I have bought. It is my third Christmas in "quod," but please don't look at the tragic side of it. I am as calm and jolly as ever. Yesterday I lay awake for a long time—I can't get to sleep before one o'clock, but have to turn in at ten, and in the darkness my mind muses on all things imaginable. Thus yesterday I was thinking: How remarkable it is that I am constantly living in an intoxication of joy, without there being any particular reason for it. I am lying here, for instance, in a dark cell on a mattress that is as hard as stone, all about me in the building the usual churchyard silence reigns supreme; it feels like being in the grave. Coming through the window and fixing itself on the ceiling is the reflection of the lamp that burns all night outside the prison. From time to time one hears only the muffled clattering of a passing railway train somewhere in the distance, or in the immediate vicinity; just below the windows the guards clearing their throats and moving about slowly in their big boots, in order to get the stiffness out of their legs. There is so much hopelessness in the noise of the sand being crushed under foot that the whole barrenness and shut-in-ness of existence is proclaimed to the damp and dismal night. I am lying there quite alone and quite still, wrapt in these manifold black mantles of gloominess, boredom, unfreedom and winter, and yet my heart is tuned up to an incomprehensible, an unknown joy, as though I were passing over a flower-bestrewn meadow in glorious sunshine. And in the darkness I smile at life as though I had come to know of some secret witchcraft giving the lie to everything that appears wicked and sad and that transforming it into something bright and happy. And there I lie trying to find out a reason for this gladness, but find nothing and have to laugh at myself again. I believe the secret is nothing other than life itself; the profound nocturnal gloom is so beautiful and so velvety, if one looks at it in the right way. And in the grating of the sand under the slow and heavy steps of the guard there is a beautiful little song about life—if one only knows how to hear it in the right way. In such moments I think of you and would so much like to tell you of this magic key so that you might perceive the beauty and gladness of life in no matter what circumstances, so that you, too, might feel this intoxication as though you were passing over a gaily-coloured meadow. I am by no means intent on dishing you up the potions of a recluse, on giving you imagined joys. I don't begrudge you any of the real joys of the senses. I only want to add to them by giving you my inexhaustible inner cheerfulness so that I need never be anxious about you, so that you may pass through life in a star-inwrought mantle which will protect you from all that is trivial, mean and annoying.

It is a fine bunch of black and rose-violet berries you have gathered in Steglitzer Park. The black berries can either be those of the elder—its berries hang in close, heavy clusters between the fronds of the large pinnate leaves (you must know them), or they are probably from the privet; slender, ornamental, upright panicles of berries, and small, rather long green leaves. The rose-violet berries hidden under little leaves can be those of the dwarf medlar; they are really red, but as it is late in the year they are already somewhat over-ripe and going off, and have taken on a violet redish colour; the leaves resemble the myrtle, small, pointed, dark green, and leathery on top, rough underneath.

Sonjuscha, do you know Platen's "The Ominous Wishing-Bone"? Could you send me it or bring it? Karl mentioned once that he had read it at home. George's poems are grand; now I know where that verse comes from that you generally recite when we are out walking across the fields: "And softer than the rustle of the corn grown red." Could you, when you have time, write out for me the new "Amadis"? I like the poem so much—thanks, of course, to the Hugo Wolff song—but I haven't it by me. Are you still reading the Lessing legend? I have taken up Lange's History of Materialism again; I always find it stimulating and refreshing. I do wish you would read it.

Ah, Sonitschka, I have had one very painful experience here. In the yard where I walk I often see military wagons coming in laden with sacks or old military uniforms and shirts, often with blood-stains. . . . They are unloaded here, divided out among the cells, darned and mended, then re-loaded and handed over to the military again. A short time ago one of these wagons came drawn, not by horses, but by oxen. I was able to have my first close-up look at these animals. They are broader and more strongly built than our bullocks, their heads are flat, as are their horns, which are turned outwards, making them resemble our sheep in structure, and they have big, kind eyes. They come from Rumania, and are war trophies. . . . The soldiers who were driving the wagons were saying that these wild beasts are very difficult to catch, and, being so used to freedom, much more difficult to make use of as beasts of burden. They get frightfully abused until they have nothing for it but to adopt the motto "Vae victis. . . ." It is said that there are a hundred head of them in Breslau alone; and when you think of the miserable and scanty fodder they get, and that after being used to the luxuriant Rumanian pasture! Not the slightest attention is paid to their physical state, and they are pitilessly made to drag along the greatest possible load, and, of course, are worked to death. Well, a few days ago one of these wagons, piled high with sacks, was being driven in, and the oxen couldn't get it up through the gate. The soldier in charge, a brutal fellow, began to beat the animals with the thick end of the whip handle so roughly that the wardress became enraged and went up to him and asked him if he had no pity for the beasts! "Nobody has any pity for us human beings either," he answered with an evil smile, and took to hitting harder. . . . At last the animals got it up and over, but one of them was bleeding. . . . Sonitschka, the thickness and toughness of ox-hide is proverbial, and this one's was torn open. Then, while unloading was going on, the animals stood quite still, absolutely exhausted; and one of them, the one that was bleeding, had such a vacant expression in its kindly black eyes that it looked like a child that has cried itself out. It was exactly the expression of a child that has been severely punished and does not know what for or why, does not know how it can get out of the way of the torture and the brute force. . . . I stood in front of it, and the animal looked straight at me, while tears began to come into my eyes—they were ITS tears; if it were my best-loved brother I couldn't feel a sharper pain than I did seeing it stand there, in utter hopelessness before this silent suffering. How distant, how irrevocably lost the free and savoury green meadows of Rumania! How differently the sun shone and the wind blew there; how different were the beautiful notes of the songsters and the melodious shepherd calls! And here this strange and horrible town, the gloomy stable, the nauseous, musty hay with filthy straw mixed with it, the terrible foreigners, and—the blows, the blood that is running out of the fresh wound. . . . Oh, my poor ox, my poor dear brother, we are both standing here so helpless and dull-minded and are but one in suffering, in helplessness, in yearning. . . . In the meantime the prisoners had begun to bustle about around the wagon, unloaded the heavy sacks, and carried them into the building; but the soldier stuck both hands in his trouser pockets, strutted about in the yard grinning and whistling a vulgar song. And the glorious war passed all before my eyes.

Write soon, Sonitschka. Fond embrace.

Your ROSA.

Sonjuscha, my darling, keep calm and in good spirits in spite of all. It is all part of life, and one has to take it bravely, renouncing nothing, but accepting everything with a smile in spite of all.

UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Defence News Service reports the death in prison of Ricardo Flores Magon, editor of "Regeneracion," a Spanish language paper of Los Angeles. He was incarcerated for writing against the war. He had spent eleven years in prison for his opinions in Mexico, and eight in the United States—nineteen years in all.

* * *

Caesar Tabib and Edward Quigley, I.W.W., whose case we have reported before, are dying of tuberculosis, and are still in prison. Their illness was contracted whilst they were awaiting trial, confined for sixty-four days and nights in a single cell 21 ft. by 21 ft., with fifty-one other prisoners, five of whom died of influenza and tuberculosis.

* * *

William Weigh, an I.W.W. prisoner, was realeased from Leavenworth at the point of death from tuberculosis.

* * *

Thomas Martinez, I.W.W., was operated upon for appendicitis at Leavenworth, and so badly attended to that his wound never healed. At last he was released, re-arrested on a deportation warrant, kept for months in an insanitary county gaol in St. Louis, and finally exiled to Mexico, where he died.

* * *

Joe Martinez, a Mexican prisoner, was being tortured by one of the guards known as "Butcher," or "Butch" Logan. Martinez revolted and stabbed Logan and four other guards, as well as Andrew Leonard, the captain of the guards, who died. Martinez was shot twice by the guards, and is expected to die. The sympathy of the prisoners is with the one man who fought seven guards.

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Our View.

Mussolini, Traitor, Murderer, Dictator.

MUSSOLINI has come red-handed to London. He is called to confer with the Allied Prime Ministers respecting the future of Europe and its people. He will mix with the proud aristocrats and the prouder plutocrats of Britain on equal terms. You and I are too Red to associate with society's great ones, fellow-worker, but Mussolini, the Socialist, turned renegade, is not too black to be received by them.

Because he is a successful hired assassin in the service of Capitalism, and has laid low the workers' movement of Italy, all privileged doors are open to him .

Remembering the record of Mussolini, his revolutionary propaganda which many, even of his comrades, thought exaggerated in its violence, his sentence for a speech urging the workers to carry concealed arms, and his escape to Switzerland, by which he evaded his imprisonment, one wonders whether, in the days when he was supposed to be a Socialist, Mussolini was not all the time a servant of reaction. Now he serves reaction as a dictator; perhaps he was then a hired provocative agent of the police.

Mussolini's bullies remain rampant in Italy. At the Scala Theatre, in Milan, last week, they attempted to terrorise the conductor, Mr. Toscanini, into playing the Fascist hymn. Failing in their purpose, they finally invaded the stage to sing their hymn, whilst the audience walked out of the theatre in protest. On leaving the building, the Fascisti shouted: "To whom shall we give castor oil?" and themselves answered: "To Toscanini!"

* * *

The "Daily Herald" and the Fascisti.

IN nothing has the Labour Party organ, the "Daily Herald," more grievously failed, and failed is a mild and charitable word to use in this connection, than in its dealing with the Fascisti.

These words of Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, the editor, will not readily be forgotten:

> "Whether the Italian Fascisti are enemies to the point of view of the workers in this country is not very clear. . . .
>
> "It is impossible not to feel a certain amount of admiration for this man who has organised what he calls a bloodless revolution."

The "Herald's" correspondents in Italy appear to share Mr. Fyfe's unfortunate admiration for the murderous Mussolini—an admiration peculiarly incongruous in an organ which invariably talks pacifism and non-resistance to evil, whenever those who are oppressed are endeavouring to protect or free themselves. The following extracts from the "Daily Herald" of December 9th are illustrative of the "Herald" attitude towards Mussolini:

> "Last January, writes a correspondent, Signor Mussolini, then a Fascist leader, and now the Fascist dictator of Italy, expressed his approval of a 'Daily Herald' leader which described the diplomats and secretaries of the Supreme Council as 'eating up the land like an army of locusts.'
>
> "Now the locusts are once more in London, and Mussolini is among them. The old reparations tangle is to be again examined by the old diplomatists; and Mussolini will sit in conference with Poincare, Bonar Law, and the locusts.
>
> "Will they enrol him as a locust? Will they break him into attending futile conference after conference, discussing impossible claims, and counting in meaningless millions? Will he succumb to the atmosphere of importance and be wheedled into becoming a great (or futile) Statesman? Or will his insistence on decisive action to clear up a muddle rattle the Conference into practical courses? That is the interesting political and psychological issue of the day.
>
> "Nothing is certain about Mussolini. His career is partly a romance and partly a study in drastic contradictions. . . .
>
> "At the end of October he was the chief mover in the swift, silent, and successful Revolution that closed down the Italian Parliament and made him the Premier in name and Dictator in fact of Italy.
>
> "How will this rough-and-ready buccaneer of politics, who only a year ago evaded the police to fight a 14-round sword duel with a journalist, fit himself into the arena of the Diplomats' Travelling Circus? Will their clowning absorb or exasperate Benito Mussolini?"

* * *

Mussolini's History.

THE "Daily Herald," it will be observed, has joined in the general Press conspiracy to make this evil Mussolini appear a brave, and withal rather splendid fellow, in spite of his faults. Yet what are the facts? After crying: "Down with the war!" Mussolini suddenly became converted to it, and abused as "Canaille!" his yesterday's comrades who opposed it. Yet he let pass the first five months after Italy came into the war without enlisting. When he joined, he was made letter carrier at the rear. He applied for a non-commissioned officership, but was refused, because he had not been to the front. He never went to the front, but was slightly wounded at the base by an accidental bomb explosion in the instruction school.

One wonders whether Mussolini was retained at the base and preserved from the dangers of the front because he was performing some special services for the police. Perhaps, however, his "patriotic?" services in the Jingo paper, "Il Popolo d'Italia," secured him consideration.

Mussolini was bribed, and this paper of his was paid for by French Government money through Mr. Franklin Bouillon, who has lately figured as French emissary in Turkey. In order to conceal the deal, a society to procure advertisements for Mussolini's paper was headed by a rich Italian financier, Filippo Naldi, and the money was arranged through this source. When charged with having accepted French money, Mussolini called for a jury of honour, and was able to get himself whitewashed.

Having escaped danger in the war, Mussolini abstained from going to the front in the brigand war which was waged to get him into power. He recruited his Black Shirt Army, and paid it with the money given him for the purpose by capitalist reactionaries. His hired brigands fought for him, and he waited in safety till the day was won.

The evil deeds of his black-shirted Fascisti include the burning down of 200 Labour institutions, those fine Chambers of Labour and People's Houses which were such an outstanding feature of the Italian workers' movement. They also burned the plant and premises of eighty Co-operative Societies, causing profound misery to large numbers of workers.

They have assassinated about 2,000 persons.

By marching an army of 30,000 upon Rome, the infamous Mussolini seized the power with the assent of the rich industrial capitalists and the acquiescence of the King.

The wicked deeds of this murderer, who has tortured and killed old comrades in his bloody march to power, are excused and condoned by those who wish to protect the seats of the mighty, because Mussolini is the tool of reaction.

* * *

Tom Johnson Exposes Ramsay Macdonald, Shields Asquithian Interests.

THE "Daily Telegraph" describes, with rapier keenness, though from a pro-capitalist angle, the clash of policies which arose in the House of Commons the other day between Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, the Labour Party's chosen leader, and Mr. Thomas Johnston, editor of the "Forward," and one of the group of Scotch Labour M.P.s, whose vote was largely responsible for making Mr. Macdonald Leader of their Party. Says the Tory Daily Telegraph":

> "Poor Mr. Macdonald, he has a difficult row to hoe as the leader of such men as Mr. Johnston, but he did not want to be too hard on him or throw him over too violently. . . . Mr. Macdonald did his best to get his follower decently out of the hole. . . . But there were certainly no felicitations in the heart of Mr. Macdonald. Here was the Nemesis of the soap-box at the street corner, and he knew it."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Johnston had very neatly exposed the manner in which politics are made a profitable business for the ruling families. A Minister may well be without any immediate pecuniary gain purely for himself from this or that political deal, but his sons and his sons-in-law, his brothers or cousins, as the case may be, are doubtless in the firm which benefits by the transaction. The member of one of the ruling families who holds the highest political office is often the least wealthy in the family, but his position, as Minister or ex-Minister, gives him the social prestige which others can only purchase by wealth. Moreover, he is able to insure that his children shall be well provided for, however inferior in ability or application they may be. He can perform so many useful services for his family that his relatives will see that he goes short of nothing that is essential to his position.

In the case raised by Mr. Johnston, a cotton-growing company, the Soudan Plantation Syndicate, is getting the benefit of irrigation subsidies granted to the Soudanese Government by the Asquith Government. The Plantation Syndicate paid dividends of 10 per cent. in 1916-17, 25 per cent. in 1917-18, 25 per cent. in 1918-19, 25 per cent. and a bonus of 10 per cent. in 1919-20, 15 per cent. in 1920-21, and 35 per cent. in 1921-22.

Mr. Asquith's son, Brigadier-General A. M. Asquith, a director of the Soudan Plantation Syndicate, and his son-in-laws brother, Edgar Bonham-Carter, was the legal secretary of the Soudan Government and an official member of the Governor-General's Council.

Mr. Asquith's Government began the irrigation subsidy which benefits the Soudan Plantation Syndicate, and Mr. Asquith headed a deputation to the Government of his successor, to ask for another irrigation subsidy, when the first was expended. Mr. Asquith admitted that it is not his practice to go on deputations; indeed, he declared: "I have never attended one before." It was certainly not in good taste, to say the least of it, that Mr. Asquith should have chosen to deputise in the interests of a company in which his relative was concerned. Of course, Mr. Asquith declared that he had been animated only by concern for the growth of Empire cotton and the welfare of his cotton manufacturing constituents in Paisley.

Labour Leaders in the Whirlpool.

LORD DERBY and Mr. J. R. Clynes had accompanied Mr. Asquith on the deputation, and, as Sir John Simon observed in the debate last week, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald supported the Subsidy Bill. The connection between Labour Members of Parliament and such capitalist deals is worthy of careful investigation. Mr. Johnston is a new Parliamentary hand; he may learn a good deal about these things presently. Will he be courageous enough to turn on the searchlight?

Mr. Macdonald's attitude on last week's debate was a masterpiece of hypocrisy. Sir John Simon asked whether he supported, or repudiated the suggestion of his colleague. Mr. Macdonald replied he was sorry that question had been put, since he knew his "duty to the House," quite as well as Sir John Simon. Mr. Macdonald described the discussion as "very painful" and "unfortunate," and appealed to Mr. Johnston to say that "nothing he had said reflected on Mr. Asquith." Mr. Macdonald apologised for his colleague as a new Member, and asked the House to be generous towards him on that account. "Members who had been here longest knew," he added, "how very difficult it is to observe with the most perfect rectitude the relationships that exist between hon. members on all sides of the House."

That, of course, is precisely the attitude of the hardened Tory jobster: "These things must not be spoken of amongst gentlemen." They may be done, O dear, Mr. Satan, of course, for did not Members sell their souls to you, and become like the gay young Faust, when they entered the delightful realms of politics combined with business?

The most amazing thing about Mr. Macdonald's polite apology for his colleague was his frank indication that even the Labour Members may perhaps be found in the politico-business whirlpool. Note his words:

> "... nis [Mr. Johnston's] statement was that in connection with that company a relative of my hon. friend [Mr. Asquith] was connected. Now I am perfectly certain that if, upon that ground, any of us is to be directly charged with motives and interests which would move us to go to the Government as a deputation, then I do not **know where any of us is going to stand."**

Is anyone so blind as to believe that men who speak thus will assist in destroying the capitalist system? No, no, dear readers. They will be like the young man who turned sadly away—"for he had great possessions."

Our readers should observe that although the ex-chairman of the Labour Party, Mr. J. R. Clynes, accompanied Mr. Asquith on the deputation to ask for the Soudan irrigation subsidy, and although Mr. Macdonald recommended the Subsidy Bill to the House of Commons, Mr. Macdonald had not the courage to defend the Subsidy Bill now that his energetic colleague from Glasgow has shown himself determined to expose the provisions and effects of the Bill.

We congratulate Mr. Johnston on his attempt to make public this piece of jobbery, and in the fact that he neither withdrew nor apologised, though it seems he would have done so in part at Mr. Macdonald's request, had he not been interrupted. We strongly advise Mr. Johnston not to be intimidated into acquiescence or withdrawal, either by the persuasions of Mr. Macdonald or the application of Party discipline.

* * *

The Hunger Marchers.

THE majority of the unemployed who marched up to London for the opening of Parliament have returned to their homes. Some have secured their railway fares from the Boards of Guardians; the others are tramping back as they came. The march has been an experience to the men concerned, and they have been able to do some propaganda on their journey. That is all.

Willesden Guardians and the Marcher's Funeral.

THE action of the Willesden Guardians in delaying the funeral of the Luton hunger-marcher who died in the Workhouse, and in refusing to deliver his body to his wife in Luton, is an outrage that has not received the censure due to it. The Willesden Guardians probably believed what they said when they declared they had discovered a lawful widow of the dead man who was not the Luton widow. That they were altogether mistaken, and that the husband of the woman they had found turned out not to be dead at all, shows that the Guardians aggravated their offence by carelessness in their investigations. The main offence of the Guardians, however, is not that they were mistaken, but that they presumed to interfere in the first place. The marcher who died had given his address in Luton. He was living with a wife in Luton. That was his choice. It is an outrage that the Guardians should have attempted to interfere in his affairs because he had the misfortune to die in a Workhouse.

* * *

Ireland Unfree.

THE Irish Treaty Bill has passed through Parliament, and the Irish struggle goes on uninfluenced by that event. The "Daily Herald," on December 5th, joined with the Capitalist Press in repeating the sinister joke that the Irish can now say: "Ours is a free country."

Governor Tim Healy has undertaken a stiff job and a terrible, which may quite easily prove fatal to him, judging from recent events in Ireland. He means, it appears, to make no pretence that Ireland has secured either self-determination or Dominion Home Rule. In a Press interview after his appointment to the Governorship, he said:

> "I think you are entitled to say that we have been given a measure of freedom as large as that which is enjoyed by any of the States in the American Union."

Tim Healy has been one of the few picturesque personalities amongst the drab and tedious crowd of professional lawyer-politicians; but he is a reactionary and the champion of the Irish whiskey makers and other Irish trade interests. He kept carefully aloof from the romantic and impetuous Sinn Fein movement. Whatever he may have been in his past, there is nothing of the hero about the Tim Healy of to-day; but we are surprised to learn that he has been willing to accept his present odious position.

Sensational Cases.

BEVAN and the Ilford murder have occupied much space in the newspapers during several weeks. It is consoling to remember that frauds such as those perpetrated by Bevan, Bottomley, and Jabez Balfour will be no longer possible when Capitalism disappears. To those who are reduced to destitution it matters not whether their misfortunes are due to a fraudulent company director, a capitalist war, or a wave of bad trade. The hardship is the same, whatever its cause. The main point is that destitution and want are unnecessary in a society which is capable of producing more than its members can consume.

The Married State.

WHETHER the letters in the Ilford murder case were mere hysterical vapourings, never intended to come to anything, and whether the murder itself was the outcome of fear and unpremeditated, as the youth who committed it declared, will never be known. The case is but one of many illustrating the hold that social conventions regarding marriage still have upon all save exceptional people. The woman in the case was not economically dependent; but if she had left her husband, and gone to live with another man, and if the husband had chosen to go to her place of business and create a scene, there is little doubt that the woman would have been dismissed by her employers, on the score that she was living an irregular life. That can by no means be taken as a sufficient excuse for murder, of course. We think, however, that Judges, to whose words a wide currency is given, would do much to check husband and wife murder by pointing out that the common-sense thing, and the proper thing to do in cases such as this, is for husband and wife to part, leaving each other free to contract any new relationships they may please.

Until men and women are enlightened enough to take that view, a vast amount of unnecessary unhappiness and occasional crimes will accompany sexual relationships.

Speaking on the poet Shelley, the other day, Mr. Bernard Shaw is reported by the "Daily Herald"—we do not know how correctly—as saying that what were regarded as Shelley's misdeeds during his lifetime are now forgotten, because Shelley was one of those people who are above good and evil. Shelley, however, by no means held that breaches of social convention, which he committed in respect of marriage, religion, and politics, are permissible only to a chosen few. On the contrary, he desired to open the doors of freedom to all.

* * *

Soviet Russia and Mussolini

NO act of the Soviet Government has been more regrettable than the negotiations of its representative, Mr. Krassin, with the murderous renegade Mussolini. The Soviet Government can have no illusions as to the character of Mussolini and his Government; it is in full possession of all the facts, and is aware that this man is the tool of the extreme reaction and an alert organiser of White Guardism, not only in Italy, but all over the world.

This negotiating with Mussolini is not only unworthy: it is also short-sighted; for obviously the Mussolini dictatorship cannot be of long duration. It is too aggressively lawless and vulgar to be tolerated even by the bourgeois for long, and must soon be cast aside now that it has achieved the purpose for which it was created—the destruction of the Italian workers' movement. It seems impossible that the Italian masses can long tolerate the Fascisti dictatorship. If anything can prepare a people for serious revolt, it should be this.

* * *

The South African Executions.

NOW that several of the South African strikers have been hung, the Labour Party at last intervened with a question. The Speaker, in disallowing the question, merely took the cue of Mr. Arthur Henderson, who some time ago declared that the British Labour Party should not intervene, even to the extent of making a protest, because South Africa possesses Home Rule and has Labour Members in the Dominion Parliament. Awful, indeed, was the occasion when eight of the miners were sentenced to death, and declared that the man who had turned King's evidence against them was the one who had committed the murder for which they were to be hung.

* * *

The Curzon-Gounaris Correspondence.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S reputation for veracity has so long been questionable that his denial that he saw the Curzon-Gounaris correspondence which he has since retracted will make no difference to it.

We repeat that there is good ground for impeaching Lloyd George and Lord Curzon in regard to the Greco-Turkish war. Such a State trial would make excellent propaganda. We recommend the Labour Party to take the matter up. For ourselves, we find all Capitalist Governments guilty—we are out to impeach the system.

DREADNOUGHT £500 FUND.

Brought forward, £371 13s. 0½d. H. J. Smith and J. Melvin, 2/-; Mrs. and the Misses Frisby, 15/-; Mr. Thompson, 5/-; A. K. Higdon, 5/-; Mr. Baker, 2/6; H. Mason, 7/6; W. L. Falconer, 2/6; J. C. and J. B., 2/-; Anon., 1/11½; W. Griffith, 2/6. Total for week, £2 5s. 11½d. Total, £373 19s.

ESPERANTO.

LESSON I.

Nouns.

1. Look round a room and name any of the objects in it, for example:

Cambro, a room; muro, a wall; bildo, a picture; fajro, a fire (pronounced like "fire-oh"); tablo, a table; piano, a piano; libro, a book; seĝo ("say*-jo"), a chair; sofo, a sofa.

* "Say" pronounced short, not drawled.

Note that all the words in the list end in **o**. The ending **o** means **something which is.** Grammatically, we say that a noun ends in **o.**

The English letter **a** before a noun is not translated: **tablo** means **a table; muro, a wall,** and so on.

The is translated by **la. La tablo,** the table.

Use all the words with **la** before them, and translate.

Here are some further examples of nouns: **Glaso,** a glass (tumbler); **flago,** a flag; **papero,** paper (the material); **Komunisto,** a Communist; **Socialisto,** a Socialist; **telefono,** a telephone; **omnibuso,** an omnibus; **persono,** a person; **homo,** a human being; **Komunismo,** Communism.

Adjectives.

Bela ("bay-lah," with first syllable shortened), beautiful; **granda,** big, great; **brila,** bright, brilliant; **alta,** high; **ruĝa** ("roo-jah"), red; **nova,** new; **bona,** good; **varma,** warm; **verda** ("vair-dah"), green.

2. Use the above words with the nouns in paragraph 1, and translate, e.g.: bela ĉambro, a beautiful room, etc.

A word ending in **a** (e.g., bela) denotes a **quality possessed by** the **o**-word, that is by the noun. Cambro, a room; **granda** ĉambro, a **big** room; **alta** ĉambro, a **high** (lofty) room; **nova** sofo, a **new** sofa.

You can't speak of **bela, granda,** etc., without reference to **something that exists**—that is, to some noun. The words ending in **a** tell us what quality the noun has, or **what kind of** thing (or person) the noun is.

Words ending in **a** are called adjectives.

Translate a **beautiful** piano; a **new** piano; a **red** book, the **red** book; a **high** collar; the **bright** fire; a **new** picture; the **big** room.

La ruĝa flago; la verda flago; nova omnibuso. La standardo de la Popolo estas ruĝa. (The standard of the People is red.)

ON NEWSPAPER READERS.

By a fluke of misfortune, I find myself in a newspaper office in a country town. Every Friday, when the weekly production lays before me, my Socialist soul sheds its tears of sorrow and regret. For another week has passed by, and my energies have been devoted to—what? Down every column of news is writ large: "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity." The spirit of capitalism lies revealed in every news item, and in every advertisement.

The circulation of the country newspaper does not rest on sensational stunts. It is names, names, names, that tell. The appeal is to the inordinate vanity of the populace which is delighted to furnish the details of the most trivial happenings, and responds gladly to the flare of the newspaper column which prints in calculating fashion particulars of marriages, deaths, and funerals, and any item which affords any excuse for mentioning someone's name.

With tongue in his cheek, or with the utmost nonchalance, the reporter will "write up" a garden fete or a concert, a church social, or an accident, as though they were the most important things under the sun. He will furnish his columns of "copy" of Lord So-and-So's or Lady What's-her-name's childish remarks about anything or nothing at all. He has no difficulty in filling the columns; but having filled them—what then?

The reporter, however, is of small importance compared with his readers. He is but one—his readers are legion. He supplies a "need"; without that demand he would not, in his present trivial capacity, exist. The problem is the psychology of the readers, with which is bound up the capitalist system. Present-day journalism is an integral part of the system; it is one very illuminating expression of the spirit of Capitalism.

The continuance of our present economic system depends in a large measure on the camouflage of fundamental issues. The Press is the most excellent means of distributing mental poison-gas. It is not necessary that the Press should indulge in untruths, nor even distortions. Its function is merely to report the happenings of events important to Capitalism—that is, the little things that occupy so much time and matter least. If the masses continue to be interested in sport, public-house activities, the social functions of church and chapel, and so on, they are not going to trouble with fundamental economic and social issues. True, the inexorable facts of the economic situation will from time to time assert themselves in the most emphatic fashion, but as Socialists and Communists we desire to accelerate the recognition of the importance of these factors. How to obtain this recognition increasingly is our problem.

Those newspaper readers with their limited outlook, their variety, their capitalistic ideology, are our potential Communists. It is necessary to capture their imagination, to bring home to them a vision of something that will mean more to them than their present interests and present hopes.

First, it seems to me, it is necessary to make them realise the horror and the servility that Capitalism means. Secondly, must be made real to them a vision of what might and what will be, something worth living for, and, if necessary, worth dying for.

For patriotism, we have to substitute a love of one's fellows that will demand and give to all alike and expect service from all. Instead of imperialism, we tender an internationalism that breaks down geographical and racial barriers. An association of free groups of peoples, made up of free individuals, who have gladly dropped their individualism, but not their personality, in the collective good.

Capitalism has not captured the imagination of the people; it has merely imposed itself upon them. Communism will make its appeal of love, and because it possesses a soul will prove stronger in the long run than a system based on profits first, last, and all the time.

SALVE!

CAPITALISM DRUGS BABIES WITH OPIUM.

Sufferings of Indian Children under Imperial Rule Described by Women Inspectors.

The Bombay "Socialist" publishes the following comments upon the report of the woman inspector appointed in connection with maternity insurance for Indian women workers:

The report of the lady doctor unwittingly and unconsciously furnishes damning evidence against capitalist management of industry and capitalist society. Landlordism with its housing apparatus exists not for social good, but for pure and simple profiteering. The poor workers find themselves housed—or rather "stabled"—not because they are human beings, but because they must preserve their labour power to produce more profits for the employers. The report reveals how the wage-woman is forced to poison her child with opium because she must needs run away to work in the factory. Capitalism cares nothing for the child, but only the wage-earning woman and the profits she can produce for him. Capitalism mourns the loss of an opium-poisoned child, and bourgeois economists cry over increasing infant mortality, not for love of humanity, but because they are thus deprived of prospective labourer-produced profits.

The lady doctor has carried her investigations with bourgeois specs on her nose, and has made recommendations perhaps with a bourgeois gold-nibbed pen.

The motive behind the recommendations is to increase profits. Better housing is required because "the results would lead not merely to physical efficiency of the operative, but to a profit from his output to both," which nakedly means this: Just as you give better oil to an engine and protect it with a cover or a roof from rain, rust and dust, so house your human machine better that it may yield more profits.

The report clearly shows how to the worker no family exists that can give him joy and rest. The wage-woman is wage-earner, and at the same time household drudge. Society has saddled the woman with the necessity of working for her living, but has not relieved her of her household drudgery and bondage. Society claims ten hours of the woman's daily life to work for it, but does not take the responsibility of looking after her child or freeing her from her position of a husband's slave.

A property of the capitalist, a property of the husband (himself an unhappy persecuted drudge) and a guardian of the child; it is no wonder if the woman's lot is the worst and if the physique of the new generation degenerates.

Six Families in a Room.

The lady doctor says:

"In outside chawls many occupy the ground floor, or basement of a building, and here the plinth of the chawl is sometimes from 8 to 12 inches below the plinth of the road. This leads to an impossible condition in the monsoon. In outside chawls I have several times verified the overcrowding of rooms. In one room, on the second floor of a chawl, measuring some 15 ft. by 12 ft., I found six families living. Six separate ovens on the floor led me to observe this. On enquiry, I ascertained that the actual number of adults and children living in this room was thirty. Bamboos hung from the ceiling, over which, at night, clothes and sacking were hung to partition each family allotment. Three out of six of the women who lived in this room were shortly expecting babies. When I questioned the district nurse, who accompanied me, as to how she would arrange for privacy in this room, I was shown a small space some 3 ft. by 4 ft., which was usually screened off for the purpose. The atmosphere at night of that room, filled with smoke from the six ovens, and other impurities, would certainly physically handicap any woman and infant, both before and after delivery. This was one of many such rooms I saw. In the rooms in the basement of a house conditions were far worse. Here daylight with difficulty penetrated, sunlight never; and sunlight, we know, is inimical to the life of most pathogenic organisms.

"In this connection, I would urge upon the authorities to bring to the notice of mill-owners the very pressing necessity of endeavouring to arrange for the housing of their operatives in small chawls. From every point of view to the owner and to the operative the results would lead, not only to physical efficiency of the operative but to a profit in the output of both.

Opium for the Baby.

"I once saw a child of six years bringing an infant brother to its mother, and this child had walked a whole mile to the milk. If there is no one to bring the child it is given buffalo's milk undiluted at home, or I should say as diluted by the milkman, or it is given opium to keep it quiet till the mother returns at midday.

"A creche built inside the main precincts would do away with all this harmful treatment of the infant.

"Women operatives are given at most of the mills, two or three passes to enable them to go to feed their infants. The majority of these operatives live within a radius of one to two miles from the mill, and the disadvantages here can be understood. The woman in addition to standing at her work for the greater part of ten hours has to walk to her home and back again to feed the child, thereby creating a state of fatigue which must inevit-

Ireland Unfree.

Rory O'Connor, Liam Mellowes, and two others taken in the Four Courts and held prisoners four months, all hung on a single morning!

Your sons are dying fast, Kathleen na Houlihan. Many, indeed, have fallen since Connolly and Pearse were shot in 1916.

On the hangman's scaffold, your sons are ended to-day, old Kathleen. The felon's death is a measure of harsher vengeance; but the insult lends them only an added glory among the faithful.

Folk may say what they will of your rebel sons, Kathleen; their purpose remains unchanged: **To be free of an Empire; to be free of the suzerainty of a King.**

The cautious men of the Labour Party, the white-livered politicians of the Liberal schools, the calculating wire-pullers and small-souled climbers of all parties, look in a shocked amazement, Kathleen, upon your ardent sons, casting away life and its cares with a tempestuous zeal Shelley, the poet, the singer of rebellion, gentler than any of these who blame them, would have understood and championed your sons, could he but send his winged words forth to-day.

Those who are executed secure by their deaths your triumph, Kathleen na Houlihan; for by their deaths they most surely keep alive your spirit in Irish breasts. Armed repression and the smiting of superior forces always provided the school in which the rebels who fight for you are created.

We, who have broken away from the antique creeds of Churches, and overstepped the barriers of nationalism, who work for the wiping out of classes, and the Communist brotherhood of mankind, we regard the unflinching stand of these Republicans and ask: How far are they truly emancipated from the grip of superstition, prejudice and conventions? How far are they ready for the equalitarian society, in which there shall be neither master, nor servant, neither money, nor wages, and the fear of poverty shall be unknown?

How far, we ask, will this struggle advance the emancipation of the exploited class in Ireland? How far will the idealism engendered by this heroic struggle against imperialism carry its fighters forward to a realisation that there will never be an end to the phases of civil war until the social classes have disappeared?

Whilst we watch and wait, often despondent at the slow growth of the basic social movement towards Communism, you with your burning zeal go crashing forward—reckless of all except your cherished goal.

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tailing harder conditions than those at present prevailing, knowing that in this way only can she avoid an even worse fate.'

ably result in the inefficiency of her work and thereby the general output.

"Should the infant be brought to the mill by a relative, it runs the risk in inclement weather of acquiring a severe chill. The majority of deaths of infants recorded was due to diseases of the respiratory organs.

"In close connection with the subject is the universal usage of opium in Bombay. Ninety-eight per cent. of the infants born to women industrial workers have opium administered to them. They give it in various forms, the crude opium or in a mixture called 'bala goli,' which is composed of opium, saffron and cloves mixed. This is used as a household remedy for every ailment of infancy and childhood; and as the highest percentage of infant mortality is attributable to diseases of the respiratory system, and opium is contra-indicated under these conditions, the great necessity for the control of the sale of opium, which is a poison, is indicated. Opium also produces much of the 'atrophy' group of diseases met with amongst the infants of Bombay.

The Overworked Mother.

"The dietaries of workers are not ideal. Poverty in some cases, and want of knowledge of nourishing foods, lead to a poor physical development. Added to these is the nerve and tissue waste on the part of the women of the household She is a wage-earner as well as the domestic drudge of the family. She is awake before dawn, when she washes the clothes for the family, cooks the food, attends to the children, and then goes to her duties at the mill. At recess time she comes back, perhaps to feed the infant, prepares her husband's and the children's meals, and then returns to her industrial duties. In the evening she has to come back to cook the evening meal, wash up, and keep in readiness everything for the next morning."

COMMUNISM VERSUS CAPITALISM.
A SIMPLE EXPLANATION.

By James T. Bellamy.

The term Communism is one of those in common use, the general significance of which is rarely understood by the majority of those who use it.

Communism is a system of society in which the necessities of life—i.e., food, clothes, and shelter—will be produced for common and public use; and where each will work for all, and all for each.

Nevertheless, Communists are often labelled bad, and some people do not hesitate to declare them mad.

In studying social and industrial history, the student learns that the rapidity of the advance of man in evolution since the sixteenth century is due to the fact that, since then, scientific knowledge has been more and more applied to the means of production, in the form of machinery. We know from official statistics and logical reasoning that man is able to produce more than is necessary to keep him in a good state of health. America, with but 5 per cent. of the world's population, can, and does, produce 32 per cent. of the food supply of the world.

Therefore, if man is able, by the help of machinery, to produce more than sufficient for his needs, why then, the Communist asks, do poverty, destitution, and starvation exist?

The answer is, because we are slaves to the machines which we, the working class, operate. Man has now evolved to a position whereby nature's resources can only be approached by and through the machine. The machine at present is owned and controlled by a few persons, who will only allow the machine to be used when a profit can be obtained. Therefore the means of sustenance can be reached only at the command of a few, the owning capitalist class.

Since man and machine can produce more than is used by the human race, what becomes of the surplus?

The surplus product of the machine (boots, corn, clothes, etc.) are stored in warehouses until the warehouses are full; then, by the will of the owners of the machine, it ceases to function. The machine having ceased, workers to operate it are not required, and a large number of men and women find themselves unemployed and hungry in a land of plenty. They are destitute actually because they have helped to produce more than was allowed to be used.

The producer remains in this precarious condition until the stocks which he has created diminish. Therefore the machines which, to a certain extent, are the cause of unemployment, have become a curse as well as a blessing to humanity. All this is due to the fact that all men do not own and control the machines and the raw material employed.

In London, one of the richest cities in the world, and a home of industry, there are permanently thousands of people homeless and on the verge of starvation. Hundreds of individuals can be seen nightly sleeping on the seats of the Thames Embankment and in St. Martin-in-the-Fields Church.

NEWS FROM IRELAND.

ECONOMIC.

By Economic Section.

The lot of the average Irish proletarian is just as miserable as ever. The bosses of Dublin are about to launch a big attack in the nature of an all-round cutting-down in the cost of labour. The lock-out weapon will be employed first to weaken the forces of Labour. The Dublin Chamber of Commerce a month ago had a four days' sitting to plan this big offensive. The Labour fakirs, through their acquaintance with the lordly den of thieves in Dame Street, knew of this plotting, yet it did not seem to trouble them. They did not warn the workers to prepare for the coming wage war. Old Liberty Hall, with its fond memories of bygone days, is now a seat of reactionaries and a family circle hunting for £8 per week cushy jobs. "The man with the secret racehorse," otherwise known as Snub Pollard, could not deny this.

Last Sunday night, in that once dear old building, fellow-worker Mortishead delivered a lecture on the Free State Constitution, and he declared it was "more democratic than that of a Soviet Government."

Alas! for such silly fossilised utterances of these respectable Civil Servants, whose pet hobby is Guild Socialism!

POLITICAL.

The Leinster House Debating Society still continues to function under armed protection of Free State troops, assisted by the C.I.D. and the police forces. The latest act was staged on December 6th, when the "elected representatives of the people" took the oath of allegiance "to His Gracious Majesty George V., his heirs and successors." Needless to say, the Labour Members did not hesitate to swallow this declaration of servility. A few weeks ago the I.R.A. Chief of Staff issued a warning that those who voted for the Murder Bill were in danger, if the secret murders of Republican soldiers did not cease. The persons referred to failed to comply with the warning. The result was that two deputies, Sean Hales and Padraig O'Maille, walked into the "gap of danger." As a reprisal for these executions, Rory O'Connor, Liam Mellowes, Joe McKelvey, and Richard Barrett were foully done to death in Mountjoy Gaol the following morning.

ARMY NEWS.

The soldiers of the Republic (to us the Republic of Pearse and Connolly) have had a hard time recently in their endeavours to cope with the activities of those mutineers from the Republic known as "The People's Army," but these difficulties they have overcome, though it took time and patience to do it. The murder of Republican soldiers taken in arms still continues to receive the blessings of the farmers, whilst those Irish disciples of the Golden Calf, the Bishops, are silent. The effects of the recent recoil are somewhat dangerous to those who try to enforce discipline. Desertions are wholesale, sales of arms are numerous, and the punishments meted out in the Free State Army for such offences cannot be equalled by any army in the world.

The notorious Frank Leeling has been committed to a lunatic asylum for shooting six of his comrades. Such is his reward for services rendered to his Irish capitalist masters. When Commandant Bolster's services are no longer required, his reward will be similar.

The Republican situation is good; most of the successful operations are taking place in the South and the West.

TO THE MINERS.

Your Trade Union representatives have seen Mr. Bonar Law, British miners; that gentleman has admitted that your conditions are grievously bad; but he has definitely refused to do anything whatsoever to help you.

You must shift for yourselves, as far as the Prime Minister is concerned.

How did your leaders take the rebuff, fellow-workers?

Lying down, as usual. Your leaders are stricken with the illness called "brotherly love of Capitalism." Your leaders do not wish to do anything that would injure the trade of the country. Moreover, they are cautious men: they have an eye to Trade Union funds.

Your leaders have only one suggestion to make: they look for an inquiry. They liked the Sankey inquiry so much that they would like another, just like that. Think what an opportunity it provided for making speeches!

"Nothing came of the inquiry," did you say, fellow-worker?"

Quite so; and nothing will come of the next inquiry, should it ever come to pass.

In the days before the Sankey inquiry, fellow-workers, you were very proud of your Miners' Federation of Great Britain. Some of you even expected it to take the lead in emancipating the workers of this country from Capitalism and wage slavery; but, on the whole, you were cautious men, like your leaders, you believed in taking a small step at a time. You decided to begin with the nationalisation of the mines. Your leaders were supposed to be with you in that: they put forward a cautious nationalisation measure and said you were prepared to go on strike for it.

Then the Government granted the Sankey inquiry, and your leaders made speeches, and you were delighted by that. You did not strike; you waited—till bad trade came. Then your employers called the lock-out, and your leaders led you to defeat. Do not blame the leaders, however, fellow-workers: you should not have left the fight to them.

Surely you realise, fellow-workers, that if an inquiry could do nothing for you in the days when the employers greatly desired you not to strike, and when the coal industry was booming, an inquiry cannot help you now.

If you want anything from the capitalists, fellow-workers, you must prove your power to take it. Why are you so slow in learning that?

Your leaders know that an inquiry will do nothing: they only ask for it to keep your attention occupied. They know that in times of bad trade you can get no more than a bare subsistence within the capitalist system, and that if you want more you must be prepared to smash Capitalism and run the industries on a Communist basis.

Your leaders do not want that. Your organisations are not constructed to do that. If you mean business, you must start from the bottom.

THE SEARCHLIGHT.

SPICE.

Women and War.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the leader of the non-militant Suffragists of U.S.A., was one of the American jingoes. The New York "Freeman" makes the following apt criticism of the canting propaganda of Mrs. Catt and her school,—of which the like is to be found in this country also.

"If anything were needed to convince us that Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt is mistaken in assuming that women could make a better showing than men in handling the world's affairs, Mrs. Catt's own observations would turn the trick. Speaking recently before an audience of German women, Mrs. Catt remarked: 'The men of the world have made such a mess of things that no one yet knows how it will come through'; a criticism which comes with poor grace, especially before such an audience, from a woman who did all in her power to help make a mess of things by throwing her influence, and that of the organisation of women of which she was president, on the side of the war against Germany."

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THAMES.

Thou'rt coming nearer, monster, with thy roar,
Awful creation of man's fertile brain.
Thy chimney bows beneath the sturdy bridge.
White gleams thy foam in the surrounding grey.
Pacing the deck, in sadness walks a slave,
Who's left his loves and mournful puts to sea
For solitary weeks of yearning sore.
Pass on, O monster, in the silent night.

The far remembrances of other days
Hover upon thy banks, and the slow barge
The solitary boatman moves with patient oars
Recalls a past that long hath fled away,
O London, with thy garish life and strange,
Thy whirl of commerce and thy starving poor

E. S. P.

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